

asking to be kindly
remembered to
Fanny and Frank,
I subscribe myself,
my dear Garrison,
Yours attached friend,

Oliver Johnson

Mary Anne
send love to
you and the
children

Roxbury, 29 July, 1867.

My Dear Garrison,

I came hither from New York
on ^{20th} Saturday evening, and must return to-
night (Monday). Having an hour at my com-
mand, I gladly employ it in writing to you
from your own house and at your own
desk. Helen is sitting at the front window
as usual, and Mary Anne and Miss Ashby
are in the room, reading. It is a warm summer
day, and we have just had a slight shower.
I have never been here at this season before, and
therefore never realized until now what a charming
place it is. I am sure that, in all your travels
in the Old World, you will not find many spots
more beautiful than this, your chosen home. May
it ever be the abode of peace and and happiness
unalloyed! William and wife and baby are
absent, and the place seems very still and
dreamy. I find Mary Anne slowly improving,

but still very weak, and I cannot help feeling very anxious about her. If she does not gain considerable strength before the summer ends, I shall feel very apprehensive as to the effect of the cold weather upon her. She may find it necessary to go to a warmer climate. She is hardly able even to do the little things that Helen requires of a companion, but I hope that, with prudence, she will gradually get stronger.

Yesterday (Sunday) I got a carriage, and took Helen, Mary Anne and Miss Ashby over to Mrs. Brigham's, where we dined. We spent six hours most delightfully, returning home to tea at 7 o'clock, bringing Mrs. Brigham with us. In the evening came Edmund Jackson and wife, and Mrs. Dall, who brought with her a stranger, Miss Peacock, a graduate of Antioch College. At half past 8, the company having gone, I walked home with Mrs. Brigham, George and Miss Ashby accompanying us. At 2 o'clock to-day Mrs. Brigham, Mary Anne and myself have an engagement with Mrs. Rockwood, the medium, and I shall go thence to the cars without returning here.

I need not tell you with what eager interest I have read the reports in the English papers of the honors showered upon you by the noblest people on that side of the Atlantic. The London banquet, in all its arrangements and proceedings, seems to have been as nearly perfect as anything human can be. Your speech, though I could see it was not as accurately reported as it might have been, was just what it should be. It contained not one imprudent word, and embraced all that the circumstances required you to say. I am glad to learn that the report of this banquet is to be published in permanent form, and only wish that the book might embrace reports of the banquets at Manchester, Newcastle, Edinburgh and other places. I cannot help thinking that they are all important from an international point of view, and therefore worthy of all the perpetuity which types can confer. In this country the effect of all these honors conferred upon you has been most happy. The newspapers, with here and there an exception, have spoken of them in terms of friendly appro-

bation. I was very sorry not to get from Mr. Thompson a letter for the Independent, giving a picturesque account of the London banquet; but I did the best I could with the report in the Morning Star, and Mr. Loring wrote, at my request, a beautiful editorial on the subject. I have also, under the "Personal" head, printed several choice extracts from your speeches. I have been glad to observe how careful you have been to pay your tributes of honor and affection to George Thompson for his services to the cause on both sides of the Atlantic, and I cannot help indulging the hope that the English people may be thereby stimulated to bestow upon him some worthy testimonial. It is a shame that the old age of such a man should be passed in the shadows of poverty and neglect.

It looks now as if Gen. Grant would inevitably be next President. Such being the fact, I am happy in being assured by Senator Wilson and others that he is in thorough sympathy with Congress in all that pertains to reconstruction, and that he loathes and hates the whole Copperhead party.

I am at the end of my sheet, and

Oliver Johnson,
Rockledge, July 29, 1867.

William Lloyd Garrison,
Care Bowles, Drevet & Co.

24 Rue de la Paix Paris, France.



